orting the Body With the Hands and Propelling It With the Legs the Fundamental Principle of the Art of Swimming-The Correct Stroke Shown

great difference between the novice and the expert in swimming is that the beginner makes little progres through the water in proportion to the forts expended. His stroke is apparntly correctly made, the hands and feet working in unison just as the teacher nes directed, and the kick seems vigorous rough, but he does not move forward nore than a few inches at a stroke.

Advice is always plentiful from swimmers who do not know anything about it except that they can swim themselves. They are like golf players who give nents lessons during a game.

You don't kick out wide enough,'
You don't keep your head down," says another.

You don't snap the legs together at the end of the stroke," says a thi..., and

Every one seems to think there is somehing the matter with the ing motion but that is where a mistake is made. with the trouble is would by with the hands and the cause of it is that not one person in a thousand is properly taught. Stand by the average professional teacher ciple of the art, which is to support the body by the hands and to propel it by any old leg kick that comes natural to you.

The legs have nothing to do with wimming if by swimming is meant the art of keeping affoat. All they do is to push the body along in a direction conrolled by the head and hands.

It is the hands that keep the body on the surface of the water; it is the head that makes you swim or dive. Champions like Daniels use a stroke in which the action of the legs is decidedly subordinated, and some exponents of the modern crawl stroke let their legs drag along behind them or paddle lightly with their feet. There is no wide, long kick in fast swimming as practised to-day. It is all in the

Beginners usually start with the breas stroke because it is easier to acquire than any other and better suited to timid persons who wish to see where they are going. The secret of the breast stroke, as of all other forms of swimming, lies in the proper management of the hands, and the beginner should not pay the slightest attention to the leg stroke nor even attempt to take his feet off the bottom until the action of the hands is mastered.

The action of the hands in swimming is that of the inclined plape or wedge. Take a flat stick, hold it under water and then move it rapidly sideways while holding the flat side up. At the slightest deviation from the horizontal the stick will force its way up out of the water or deeper fown into it, according to the inclination of the thin edge. Try it and convince yourself of the power of a stick to overcome the power of your arm when you

You will find that whichever edge of the flat stick is uppermost will bring the stick up if it is pushed in that direction. The ling edge, as it is called, will control the direction up or down of the stick.

The same is true of the hands in swim-Make a shallow cup of your right hand, the fingers firmly but gently closed, the thumb close to the forefinger, so that the whole hand is like a small scoop. Place the hand in the water and move it rapidly most as the leading edge, then with the next kick. The swimming kick is just

outer edge of the palm uppermost as like the golfing swing, slowly up. leading edge. You will soon find that the A person who falls overboard leading edge is up. Standing up to the armpits in the water. with the feet firmly planted on the bottom, in some place where there are no high waves to disconcert you, place both hands

in the water in front of you, making scoops of both palms, and lift the outer edges. Then sweep the two hands out wide from ou and toward the back, like this:



When the hands have been swept slowly back until they are both in a line with the shoulders lift the thumbs so as to make them the leading edge and bring the elbows in to the sides, the hands coming in with them but remaining well in front of the elbows, like this:



make the paim perfectly flat, the straight, but the thumb still against the forefinger, elevate uted in a different manner, that keep you and drive the two hands the hands. Any old kick will do.

straight ahead through the water, bringing the thumbs together as soon as possible after the forward push begins, so as to make one surface of the combined hands, like this:

If these three movements of the hands are properly made, the outward sweep lowly and the inward and forward a weeps quickly, it will be found that the effect precisely the same as it was with the flat stick. The leading edge being always of swimming and you will notice that he never mentions the fundamental prinout at the surface, but as you hold them down the force you exert in holding them down in the water is the measure of the lifting force that the hands possess.

That is what keeps you up when you are swimming. The outward sweep has also, as you will soon discover, a tendency to pull the body along when it is properly executed, because it is very much like the action of an oar in sculling a boat, not as fast or powerful as rowing but still propelling.

All beginners make the mistake of swimming too fast. The test of a per-fect stroke is that it shall be made in exact unison with the natural breathing. It you breathe twenty-three times a minute, make twenty-three strokes a minute, never more unless you are racing.

The correct division of the stroke is usually arrived at by counting "one very slowly, drawling it out in fact, and then counting "two, three" naturally. better idea of the time can be obtained by counting "one, two, three" naturally for the outward sweep, "four, five," fo the inward and forward strokes and "six" for a rest with the arms fully extended in front, before beginning the next stroke.

It is during this slight rest that the kick of the legs is allowed to take effect the body sliding along. A good swimmer should go the length of the body at every stroke; but if a second stroke is begun before the first has had time to do its work, progress is slow and tiring. says the beginner, "what about

the legs?" Any old kick will do for them. That comes with practice, and every swimmer has a kick more or less his own. The only thing that requires any attention in the kick is to make it as the hands shoot for-

ward, finger tips up for the leading edge. The feet are drawn up during the long outward sweep of the hands and those who kick out and then snap the legs together do it during the count of "four, five," as the arms are drawn in and shot forward. The great mistake of the beginner is in drawing up the feet so quickly that the result is to swim backward. That is why the outward sweep of the hands is made so slowly, to allow the feet to be to and fro, first with the thumb upper- drawn up slowly in getting ready for the

> A person who falls overboard from a into the water and cannot swim, can always keep up by the motion of the hands There is nothing like confidence in learning to swim, and once the beginner has acquired the necessary confidence in the power of the water to support him the rest is easy. This support is entirely dependent on the proper motions of the

In order to prove to yourself what power the water has to support you if you use your hands correctly, make this simple experiment:

Stand in calm water about up to the armpits. Do not be afraid to go in deep enough to get the water well up, so that you do not have to crouch to try what ollows

Place the hands at the sides, the elbows pretty close to the body, but the hands in a line with the shoulders, something like



LIFTING THE BODY-HANDS DOWN

Now move the hands rapidly to and fro. not more than ten or twelve inches each way, using the elbows as a centre, and being careful to have the leading edge of the hand always uppermost, but not at too great an angle. You will soon realize that it takes some force to keep the hands down. They want to come up, and the more vigorously you make the movements the more strength you will have to exert to keep those hands down.

Instead of pressing down on the hands just lift your feet gently off the bottom so as to bring your weight to bear on your hands and you will find that this motion of the hands will keep your head away above the water, although your feet are not touching bottom at all. The sensa-

FOR THE EYE ALONE

NEW ART DEVELOPED FOR THE MOVING PICTURE DRAMA.

Difficulties of Constructing Wordless Plays and of Putting Them on the Films-Adventures of a Leading Motion Actress -Art's Recent Progress.

The star stood in the glaring white light of the glass roofed motion picture studio waiting for her stage summons. No upreaching rays from the footlights were to be hers, and the noonday sun baldly called attention to her heavy makeup and the unpicturesqueness of her slavey costume; but as she stood talking, telling of the motion drama actress's life, the interviewer lost consciousness of the garish setting, the tawdry makeup, in observing the unwitting demonstration ou the aucress's part of what it is that makes her a star

As she talked her words were but an accompaniment to the kaleidoscopic expressions of her face. Eyes, mouth, every feature played its part in the little drama for which her face was the stage, so that the listeners became aware of the fact that her spoken words were nearly superfluous.

She had become the perfected motion actress, and she made her address not actress, and she made her address not the ear but to the eye, made, which is the spoken words were all trained accessories.

"There, now ve're doing what belongs to ye," it sounded. "Now see if ye can do a respictable job of it!"

The manager was a busy man, for like casar of old it seemed that everything had to be done by him at one time. "All right, Miss Turner!" he called. "Come down slowly, shade your eyes and look down the street. Here, you boys! get back there. Come on now, Joe. Go to the ear but to the eye," in the little of the casar of old it seemed that everything had to be done by him at one time. "All right, Miss Turner!" he called. "Come down slowly, shade your eyes and look down the street. Here, you boys! get back I say." expressions of her face. Eyes, mouth

and body were all trained accessories. but her face in action was a marve!. The star v.a. Miss Turner, known as one of the leading motion picture actresses the world, and for two years she has been playing all sorts of rôles, tragic, comic and melodramatic-pantomimic action being the requisite.

Oh, yes, I began my career by playing on the stage," said Miss Turner in answer o a question on that point. "I was in vaudeville and got along fairly well, but not much better than anybody else. Not making any mark, you know.

Then a year ago last summer I heard of this motion picture work and came over o see if I could get a job to fill induring the off months. The manager looked at me and said:

'So you want to act for us, do you' ow what do you think you can do?' "'I'm an eccentric comedienne,' I re-"The manager fairly roared.

"'You an eccentric comedienne!' aughed. 'I wish you could see your face now. You make me want to cry. Yes, ry,' and the manager went off into another burst of laughter. "You see," the star went on, "I was

ooking something like this," and she quickly put on an expression-for she uts on and takes off expressions with erfect ease—that justified the manager's loubts as to her being an eccentric comedian; it would make men and angels weep. Miss Turner quickly removed the lachrynose mask as she went on talking.

"I convinced him, though," she said. started in making faces at him, and in about two minutes he stopped me and said 'Go take off your hat.' " 'What for?' I asked.

"Why, to get into a picture, of course was his reply. "I got into that picture and have been

getting into them ever since." When asked how she liked her work in omparison with the regular stage the star waxed enthusiastic.

"Like it? Of course, I like it," she exclaimed. "A steady job fifty-two weeks out of the year, paid every week, no junketing around over the country to do. and no work at night. What more could e asked for?" This actress in the variety of her rôles

as had to run the gamut from adventuress to heroine, from princess to slavey She has had to rescue and be rescued and some of her pay adventures smack a little too much of the real thing to sent strong stiructions to the energy

"I'll never forget the first time I had to jump into the water," she said. "I was assured that I would be rescued, but I felt retty squeamish just the same.

"I was told to put on my best white dress and hat and go down to the beach where the camera was waiting and get into a real, bona fide boat with the leading man and be rowed out into the bona fide water. I got down to the beach all right in my best white dress and there was the leading man, the boat, the ocean and the camera waiting for me.

"'Can you swim?' asked the manager. "No,' said I. 'Do you take me for mermaid?

"Well, it turned out that the leading man couldn't swim either, but he told me that I was to topple right over into the water anyway and trust to luck or Providence to being rescued; and this was all the assurance I had except for three men in bathing suits loitering around.

"We pushed out off the beach a ways until the manager waved a handkerchief. That meant to stop. He waved again, and that meant to jump. 'This is it!' yelled the leading man at me, very willing the plunge should be made so long as he was not the person to make it. So I stood up in the boat, took a faltering step or two, and to all appearances lost my balance and toppled over backward into the ocean.

'Help! Help!' shricked the leading man for though it made no difference to the camera what he shricked, it helped to work up a good, realistic brandishing

"I was afraid to risk going down the third time, even the second time I kept my fingers on the boat, for I was on the far side from the shore and the camera so that my arm and hand could not he seen refusing to sink. The heroes, bathing suited to order, eventually arrived and I was rescued. As I was being towed and I was rescued. As I was being towed in the manager shouted his congratulations.
"'Fine! Fine! Don't laugh! For

"Fine! Fine! Don't laugh! For Heaven's sake don't laugh!"
"For I was beginning to feel weak and wabbly and nervous, and to save my life I could not have stood off that sickly grin and giggle. The giggle didn't matter, but the grin couldn't go, so, after all, the film was spoiled and we had to do it all

over again.
"I had a sort of chill and they insisted on my taking some whiskey to brace me up. Everything went all right this time. I was rescued, the sailors on the shore lifted me up and wrapped me in some canvas, the camera did its work, and then

I was told to get up.
"To their horror I was as limp as a rag, and when I couldn't stand on my feet they when I couldn't stand on my feet they were frightened. A reporter who was there looking on got very indignant and freely gave out his opinion of the brutes who would keep a poor girl in the water so long just for the sake of a film. It took me some time to make them comprehend that it was all the fault of the whiskey to which I was unaccustomed and which to

when the word came that it was time for the performance. This time it was not to take place in the studio, but the troupe was packed into three automobiles and whisked away to a side street in Brooklyn borrowed for the purpose.

The performance did not begin under favorable conditions for the stage se-

The performance did not begin index favorable conditions, for the stage se-lected for the opening scene was the front of one of a row of flats stretching in duplication from corner to corner of the block, and it was necessary for the hero-ine in slavey garb, to disappear within the door after sitting upon the front flight of steps chewing gum. To insure the smoothness of proceedings the manager had visited the woman living on the first door and left a \$2 bill with her. Unfortunally the woman on the second floor we forgotten and it was well the the camera was not able to record the maledictions that rained down upon the slavey sead.

slavey's head.

"Be off with ye, ye Coney Island toughs!" shrieked the voice from above; the head belonging to the voice was evidently afraid of the camera and did not appear. "Be off with ye, with your patieted face and your eyes all gobs!"

The voice atormed vigorously on in its tick Irish brogue and burst into commendation only when the slavey appeared dation only when the slavey appeared with a pail and broom and began scrub

bing down the steps.

"There, now ye're doing what belongs to ye," it sounded. "Now see if ye can

now. Here, you boy! get back, I say. Get excited now, Miss Turner. Come on, Nellie. Look at the letter and

on, Nellie. Look at the letter and and so on and so on, as he ran excitedly up and down the side lines, waving his typewritten scenario and hustling the actors on and off, for his voice was the only cue. Shouting each movement to be made above the din of the actors own shouting keeping the curious crowd of shouting, keeping the curious crowd of children and grownups from pushing into the range of the camera, his eye everywhere and his voice likewise, it is hard to conceive a busier appearing manager in action.

s enacted in the open are much The scenes enacted in the open are much rarer than those in the studio. Street scenes, locomotives, herds of cattle, all have to be sought, but the studio devices for setting effects are many and varied, and the equipment, scenic and costuming, is very complete.

Many of the pictures are posed outside the studio itself and there is a pond about 30 by 50 feet placed conveniently in front which is to serve in the near future as the river down which the Lily Maid of Astolat floats in an elaborate production picturing

floats in an elaborate production picturing King Arthur's court and the story of Lancelot and Guinevere. Last vear the same pond was the historic Delaware which, decorated and adorned with huge ice blocks, composed of papier mache and lath, was successfully and not so hazardously crossed by the Father of

hazardously crossed by the rather of His Country.

The other afternoon the serviceable pond did not look so picturesque as it often does in the pictured dramas, as the green and grassy banks were hanging up on the fence to dry. One plot looked as though it had been disfigured for life, having been visited by a treacherous spark in a recent forest fire that raged in the studio; accidents will happen in all trades.

Much has been written about the me chanical side of the picture production; how the camera takes the little postage stamp pictures at the rate of sixteen to the second; how the films are developed, the scenes fastened together and finally made up into a thousand foot reel, which will take about twenty minutes to show: will take about twenty minutes to show how the different scenes are taken at different times and in different places, in the finished production to be welded into a complete whole, the end of each into a complete whole, the end of each scene manifested not by the dropping of a curtain but by the flashing of a printed announcement of the new scene

upon the screen.

There is another side to the production than the mechanical. The man duction than the mechanical. The main or woman acting must do by movement alone what the regular theatrical per-former does by both movement and voice. While the latter appeals to both the eye and the ear, the former may appeal to the eye alone and must so concentrate his powers that he may make them give is strong an appeal to a single serse is the actor ordinarily gives in appealing

The actor presents an interesting study laughs and screams and yells and prays and curses. These sounds will never reach an audience, for the camera pays them no heed, but they are the aids which lift the actor to the height of feeling so great that it can convey itself to another mind through the medium of one ense alone. Several well known actors of real merit

have attempted to do motion picture acting and have failed. Nineteen out of twenty cannot lift themselves above their surroundings and be carried on the wave of their own feeling, but are conscious of the lack of an audience, of no one from whom applause can be won. A successful pantomime actor is, according to this view, a more finished and accomplished performer than the actor who appeals

performer than the actor who appears to both eye and ear.

Then there is a dramatist who spends his time in the offices of the plant writing out scenarios of plays and perfecting ac-ceptable suggestions that have come from without. They are peculiar little plays in that there is not a word of dialogue in them, nothing but directions for movement, movement, always movement.

The dramatist is very enthusiastic over he future of the motion picture drama s a thing of art both in its production as a thing of art both in its production and in its inception. As to the latter he says that few good dramas come in be-cause few people know how to visualize a plot, that is, to think it out in their minds terms of sight to the exclusion of words writers, newspaper writers and actors, but the majority though successful in their own lines have failed in this, being unaccustomed to the necessary condi-

tions. As to the future of the art he said he was encouraged because of the tremendous advance made in the last few months in motion pictures. He asserted that the best pictures produced a year ago his company would not now allow to be presented, and that within the last year and a half the standard of motion dramatic production had been raised 500 per cent. of his arms.

"'Help! Help!' he would shriek, and then in between, 'Are; bu all right, Miss He attributed this fact to the search for genuine artistic value regardless of experiments on

the part of the manufacturers and their cooperation with the board of censorship to produce plays of a high standard.

Writers of the pantomimic play are being trained and this long lost art of the ancients bids fair to attain in its regenera-tion a perfection far beyond that of the The remarks periodicals are beginning

The companies periodicals are beginning to recognize the serious value of the motion picture drama by printing serious reviews and criticisms of the new plays. Some plays are favorably criticised, while others are blamed for faults of technique, faulty construction, poor acting or stage management. .
The actors, too, now have to come up

The actors, too, now have to come up to a much higher standard. The call is for a degree of evcellence which in the one performance before the camera v. stand the test of performance in all the countries of the world from Scandinavia to Paraguay. The one film does for the whole world; the motion picture drama is the universal drama, for it speaks no individual tongue, but a universal language. vidual tongue, but a universal language. A pathetic incident is connected with this idea of permanence of action. Last spring a little two-year-old was borrowed

by a company to appear in some scenes. She was evidently just preparing to practise an encore piece when the note was lively expression were the characteristics sought, and they were predominant in the films.

T THE GOOSE AND POODLE INN

A Worried Pedagogue, a Summer interrupted. Dryad and a Victim of Nervous Trouble.

The name of the architect of the Goose and Poodle Inn was shrouded in mystery. He was the same person who put up some of the other classic homes in the chaste shades of a residential park that received only artistic and literary guests seeking summer recreation. Interest in the identity of the composer of the frozen music thus presented was not due altogether to his achievements in erecting a house so truly Queen Anne nowhere but Mary Anne all over. The sort of incident that led to an excited demand for the name of the designer of the hotel was the effort of the frivolous young teacher of physical science to stick a hatpin into the wall when she came in

from a walk. She hit the wall all right, but the pin kept on travelling through the thin partition until it punctured the scalp of an elderly roet, who was lying in bed on the other side and awoke him from his afternoon siesta. Of such flimsy material was the Goose and Poodle.

Sometimes its guests suffered from this peculiarity of the building material. It certainly interfered with the enjoyment of the pervous pedagogae who went there to finish up a work he had in

He went out for a walk in the thickly wooded park one day before luncheon and when he was a short distance from the inn met what was a contrast to the sort of femininity temporarily in possession of his place of residence. She was blond and pink, with the sort of white duck hard to conceive a busier appearing skirt and sailor hat that are used in the spectacle than the motion picture stage advertisements to decoy strangers away to summer resorts, and she smiled in spite of her embarrassment, showing two rows of glistening white teeth. She looked disconsolately at the thick trees and the ground as if seeking to discover the almost invisible path and these gave him an

intimation of her difficulty.
"I'm a stranger," she said when he had come near enough, "and have lost my way to the Sunset Lodge. Could you help me to find out what has happened to the path was walking along?"

The path was there all right, but it took an eye trained to the kind of paths they had in that simple rustic acre cut from nature's heart for the benefit of the subscribers to follow its almost invisible thread. He showed it to her and then followed her for half a hundred feet to see that she did not lose it.

"I'm in a great hurry to get to Sunset Lodge," she said, "before a friend of mine goes away. She is leaving on the afternoon train, and I'm afraid I may miss He pointed out the rest of the path,

turned back to the Goose and Poodle and wondered why in the world so few girls like her ever came to the place. He soon decided that it was just as well that they did not. There was no work possible with that vision of the sublimated summer girl floating before his eyes, the first of the kind he had encountered in the two weeks of his stay. The others in the two weeks of his stay. The oth had not interfered with his studies. As it was, he gave up the attempt work, whistled while he waited

work, whistled while he waited for luncheon and in the pleasant day dream the sight of her had caused walked about the room, knocked over a couple of dictionaries leaning against his table and upset the top of his typewriter with a bang. Then he went down to luncheon and wondered if he would see the stranger there. But the opposite sight awaited him.

the opposite sight awaited him.

The fourth place at his table was occu-The fourth place at his table was occupied by a stranger, a pointed person with thin gray hair and an irritated expression. She made no move to bow as he sat down and only looked a little more enraged when he glanced conciliatingly at her as was customary with new arrivals. He averaged whether the point of the harbor seals are lightning.

accepted it with an absent manner. Her mind was plainly elsewhere. After the others at the table had been served, she arrested the girl with a glance and in a voice that penetrated to every corner of the room gave

her these instructions:
"Say to the gentleman in No. 16 that I have the misfortune to be in the room beneath him and that I have come here for the purpose of recovering from a nervous trouble. If I had realized how noisy my neighbors were to be I might as well have gone to spend a month in a gymnasium, a whistling academy or a boiler factory."

boiler factory."

Then she emptied the salt cellar into the bouillon cup and everybody in the room glanced at the occupant of room 16. He remembered the walk before luncheon. oiler factory. the whistling and the typewriter cover. Yet he could not but feel that his punish-

Yet he could not but feel that his punishment was excessive.

He smiled, however, and the rest of the dining room, which was rarely surprised by such interruptions to the ordinary course of its intellectual conversation, looked distinctly on his side; so he felt that he had been badly treated. The stranger sailed away from the table with her nose in the air and the obvious conviction that she had put a young maniput his place. He stopped at the office to find out who

He stopped at the office to find out who the latest arrival was. "Lily Demont" was the name pointed out by the buttons on the register of the Goose and Poodle.

"That's her," the buttons added, pointing to a printed bill that hung on the wall.

"The bill announced that Miss Lily Demont would give a piano tectral in the

mont would give a piano recital in the assembly building of the park on Tuesday night.

"Lily indeed!" he said, and started for his room to resume the work that had been a failure in the morning.

The vision of the summer dryad had been driven out of his mind by the en-The vision of the summer dryad had been driven out of his mind by the encounter at the luncheon and he set to work with enthusiasm. He was well under way when suddenly there came the sound of a piano.

With excellent technique, which it seemed to him only a professional could command, the player started a programme that began with Bach and Scarlatti.

that began with Bach and Scarlatti, wandered through Schumann and Mendelssohn, gave some examples of the Russian composers and wound up with Liszt. Work was out of the question. Liszt. Work was out of the question He had not waited for the last number when he sat down and pounded out on his machine the following message:

As I have come here to finish a work the month of August.

Then he sent for the buttons and had him take the note to Miss Lily Demont.

he missed luncheon, not knowing that Sunset Lodge was less fashionable and the hours for meals earlier. He had been absorbed in his work, moreover, and when the maid brought him a snack in his room he was glad that he had not been

He sat down to work again after he had He sat down to work again after he had smoked a cigarette. He was soon absorbed in a problem when the sound of a piano suddenly came from an adjoining room. Then there began precisely the same programme he had heard the day before. It was interrupted by the knock of the maid who had come for the dishes. In answer to his question as to the identity of the player he heard the name "Miss Lily Demont."

"It's a put up job," he roomed "That

"It's a put up job," he roared. "That old cat's determined to follow me around the place until I have to get out. Well, she wins. I'll go—but I'll give her a jor first."

she wins. I'll go—but I'll give her a jar first."

Then he called the maid and told her to tell the lady in the room where the music was that the gentleman was going to leave that night, but would like quiet for the afternoon while he got his work in condition to travel.

That afternoon at 4:30 he went up to the deak which served as an office in the haliway of the Sunset Lodge. Standing there before him was the girl of the blue eyes and the pique skirt. He thought of her alternately in that way and as the girl with the pink cheeks and the blond hair.

"It might be best," she said to him, buttoning the glove she had just drawn on, "if you let me know where you are going, little as we know each other. I have driven you out of two places and you have done as much for me. So it would be unfortunate if we met in the same hotel again."

hotel again."
"I drove you out?" he repeated.
don't understand." "I am Miss Demont, Miss Lily Demont," she said, "and was near you at the Goose and Poodle Inn. You wrote me a letter

about my practising—"
"Impossible!" he said. "The person I wrote to was a disagreeable old thing who insulted me before the whole house at the Goose and Poodle. I felt perfectly

at the Goose and Poodle. I felt perfectly satisfied at taking a chance to pay her back in the same way."

"There could have been no misunderstanding," she said, blushing and drawing the letter out of her pocket, "I came to the inn a few minutes before I started out to visit a friend here. I stayed to lunch with her, came back to practise and got your kind note. Then I immediately moved out to this place rather than stop in the house with such a—"

"Brute," he replied. "You were right. And the old cat?"

"She was in an adjoining room. I was directly under you on the first floor, how-

directly under you on the first floor, how-

After these explanations were made it was not long before the servants were carrying the baggage back to the two rooms which had been reengaged by the same two guests who had given them up a few minutes before, and they remained a week longer than they had expected to and even left treather.

BALL PLAY AT THE AQUARIUM. Seals and Sea Lion the Players, With One Ball of Rubber and Another of Wood.

Pine may become so waterlogged that it will sink, but spruce will not; so, when some five years ago they wanted at the Aquarium a ball for the big West Indian seal known as No. 2 to play with in the waters of its pool they had it turned of spruce, a wooden ball in size about as big fruit stores. We acted just about as a as a bowling ball.

No. 2 was long famous and a attraction here on account of its playful at the kitchen entrance and offered out habit of water throwing. It would swim quickly round and round its pool apparently thinking of nothing in particular, just swimming around and then, filling its mouth with water, it would raise its head and without warning spurt water all over those standing around the pool within range, this always to the great amusement of those that didn't get wet.

It was thought that the playful West Indian seal might like something to play with in the water, and so this spruce bal was turned for its amusement and occasionally the big seal would buttit around and roll it over and over in the water.

rival of the girl who dispensed the meagre food of the Goose and Poodle.

The waitress first approached the stranger with the aqueous bouillon. She accepted it with

round and round the pool and then they will wrestle with and twist and nip at and all over one another in the water at a great rate, but the harbor seals never took any particular fancy to playing with the ball. They would bunt it around a little now and then but not much, and so when a year or two ago the Aquarium took in a big sea lion the ball was given to it.

The sea lion liked the ball. It would push it about and swim and butt at it, and then they thought it might bruise its nose or break its teeth on it, and so they took the old wooden ball out and put into the sea lion's pool in place of it an inflated rubber football, with which the sea lion now plays. Its play time is mostly between 11 and 12 in the morning, well after breakfast and before dinner. After dinner the sea lion is likely to climb out of water to curl itself ponderously on its platform and take a nap.

The sea lion butts the football around and chases it up in the water and tries to seize it. The other day the sea lion backed the ball up against the wall of the pool and tried to get its mouth over it, there, but big as the sea lion is its mouth isn't big enough to take in a football, and in a moment the ball slid away to go bobbing about in the water. Once when the sea lion had pursued it fruitlessly and had climbed up on its platform for a little rest the ball floated near and apparantly the sea lion thought it could get it by falling on it and it dived for it as it went by, but as usual the ball got away. Still the sea lion likes to play with the ball and playing with it is no doubt good exercise.

When the old wooden ball was taken for the great lice is the sea lion in the water and the ball and playing with it is no doubt good.

when the old wooden ball was taken from the sea lion's pool it was again made to serve as a means of amusement for seals of the same kind as the one for which it was originally made, for the Aquarium again has specimens of this species, three having been received some months ago from the coast of Yucatan. Like their famous predecessor in the pool, those later arrivals in the Aquarium's West Indian seal pool take kindly to the ball.

ATHLETE A BACK NUMBER. The Broad Shouldered Man's Popularity

as a Model for Illustrators Past. The very broad shouldered athlete who has been the popular model for illustrators whether they are making clothing advertisements or pictures for best sellers is no longer the mode. He has had his day, and the man with more [normal shoulders is now preferred.

"The padded out shoulders that have been characteristic of the ready to wear clothing," said one of the illustrators, "went into the discard weeks ago and now they are supplying the inspiration for the comics. Ir. the same way the, man with thick muscles and biceps is no longer in demand among the men who make the pictures for the young girl's books. He's a back number of the most decided type.

"The popular figure is alim all the way up. It is not narrow shouldered, but of the measurement that the tailors call a number of the measurement that the shoulders seem a little broader than they really are. There is no padding in a coat, but the least bit of lining that carries the shoulder a bit sexu. "The padded out shoulders that have

hands on something like a rapidly swinging rope, and as long as you keep them at
your side and hold the leading edge at
the proper angle you will remain upright
in the water.

It is just these same motions, distributed in a different manner, that keep you
ing when you are swimming. It is all in
the hands. Any old klok will do.

so long just for the sake of a film. It took
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A BERRY PATCH AND AN IDEA

RUIT TRADE TWO COLLEGE GIRLS BUILT UP.

Business Success Founded on Good Fruit and Cleanitness-Started by Selling the Produce of One Farm and New Handle That of Several Others.

"We cleared something over \$150 last summer by selling berries and small fruits and expect to make a good deal more this declared the daughter of a New England farmer who is paying her way through college. "By we I mean myself and my chum, who is from the West but omes home with me in the summer.

"We began the business last year by gathering and selling my father's crop of berries and small fruits on commission Ve soon had so many orders that we began to take the crop of other farmers in the ighborhood. "The secret of our success was in having

rood fruit and cleanliness. Besides picking over the fruit to make sure that only that which was sound and ripe got into our baskets we covered each basket with clean cheesecloth to keep out the dust This was an idea of my chum's. We were both on the lookout for something to do that would enable us to earn money and after talking the matter over we spoke to my father about it. "He wasn't so sure about people being willing to pay more for clean fruit but he

thought they would prefer it when it could be had at the market price. He proposed to turn his patch of strawberries, which were just beginning to ripen, over to us and let us try out our idea. We were to have the use of a horse and wagon, but were to do all the picking and selling ourselves, deducting a commission for our work. "Some of our friends thought that it

would be a disgrace for us as college women to be seen selling berries in the stress of the town near my father's farm. They suggested that we hire men or boys to do the selling while we devoted ourselve to gathering the fruit.

"My friend is a pretty independent girl, and she decided the question by saving that if I was ashamed to be seen driving a well kept horse and wagon with a load of clean berries she was not. She would be ashamed only if the horse showed lack of care and the berries were not up to our guarantee. "My father and mother said it was a

point we must settle for ourselves, though the latter remarked that she couldn't understand why having a college education should unfit us for doing any honest work. The result of it all was that both of us went to sell the fruit that fire morning. "Acting on my father's advice we were

up before the birds, loaded our wagon and reached town soon after the milk wagons. We began in the best residential districts, planning to take all the fruit we couldn't sell retail to the man usually does when selling fruits and vegetables. One of us rang the bell berries for sale. "That first load sold so rapidly that

we were on our wagon jogging back to the farm when we met the earliest of our rivals coming in Besides having sold every berry we had taken orders from almost every house for berries to be delivered the following morning.

"The third day found us with more

orders than my father's berry patch could supply. When we approached our next neighbor and asked him to sell us enough berries to make up the deficiency he replied that we either had to take the entire picking for that day or go elsewhere. He also named a price that was very little pelow the market price for berries de-

ivered in town.
Feeling that we would risk too much at these terms, we tried to get him to let us have the berries on commission. He ries we must fake them at his price or not at all. Then my chum demanded an option on his berry patch for the balance of the season. She said she did this in a spirit of contrariness, though it afterward proved a good business deal for us.

"The berries were unusually fine in size, color and flavor and we readily got two cents a quart more for them than we

The berries were unusually fifted in size, color and flavor and we readily got two cents a quart more for them than we had expected. The two patches gave us more than we could haul on one wagon, so the next problem we had to solve was getting a horse and wagon. This was not easy at that season of the year.

"As a last resort we put an advertisement in the paper offering to care for a horse during the summer free of charge provided the owner agreed that it should make one trip to town and back six days in the week. The next day brought us three answers and two days later we rode into town, each driving her own wagon piled high with crates of berries, each basket of which was covered with a clean bit of cheesecloth.

cheesecloth.

"Having regular customers saved us concluderable in buying baskets and cheese-

considerable in buying baskets and cheese-cloth. In many places the cooks were considerate enough to wash the cloths and mark their baskets.

"When the berry crop was over it seemed entirely natural for us to continue our business with other fruits. Being just as careful to see that each piece was up to the mark and well protected from dust and dirt, our good luck in selling continued.

continued.

"This year we have instituted the use of tissue paper instead of cheesecloth for covering our fruit baskets. We still use baskets marked with the names of our regular customers and find that with few exceptions they like the plan.

"It is impossible for us to do all the berry ricking though we make a point berry picking, though we make a point to do as much as we can. We employ women when it is possible to get them. When they can't be had we are forced to take children. We much prefer girls, as they are both more reliable and better pickers than boys, as a rule.

as they are both more remarkable.

"We made a better beginning this season because of our last year's experience.

We made a trip out into the country a

We made a trip out into the country a short time before college closed, for the purpose of looking at the berry patches in our neighborhood and getting an option on them. Knowing about what the demand would be, we engaged to take two horses instead of one.

"We told our experience to friends at college and only a few days ago received a letter from two sisters whose home is near a city in Virginia. They wrote that they had been following our lead and expected to clear fully \$100 each before the end of the season."

Snake Infested Canons.

Ventura correspondence Los Angeles Times This is said by old timers to be the best year for rattlesnakes—or the wors;—i; the history of the county. The canons are full of them, and snake stories are heard on On that part of the Guadalasca ranche

known as the De Grasse tract there are a number of tumbledown shacks. Re-cently Charles Pitcher, who lives in the neighborhood, had business on the place and in visiting the shacks found and killed a big rattlesnake. He heard another, and a big rattlesnake. He heard another, and before he was through he had killed ten. His experience was told to the Pidduck brothers, who had themselves farmed that tract. The Pidducks had their doubts and went to investigate. That was the day after. They killed seventeen snakes. They heard more, but they could not stand the war any longer, and turned the thing over to the crew of the Donion brothers thrashing machine, camped in that neighborhood. The threshers turned out the following Sunday and killed a total of twenty-seven rattlers among the old buildings. This made fifty-four killed there.